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AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἀρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖον ἔστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THE concert season is now rapidly approaching its close—music is preparing itself for its state of semi-sleep, and, with it, the aspirations of many unknown composers and unheard performers, and yet that, of all other concert speculations the most important to the interests of art, has, as we feared it would, remained totally inoperative: we refer to the British Society. It has been said that, on a former occasion, we over-rated the value of this institution—that, in fact, we were seeking to stir up unnecessary interest about an undertaking already brought by the natural course of things into the position to which the small importance of its end, and the means employed, seemed to point. To this slighting opinion of the Society's merits, founded probably on no better ground than that its institutors and most zealous advocates are connected with neither cathedrals nor glee-clubs, and neither vilify Beethoven nor reap seraphic delights from the making of canons, we are most determinately opposed, and moreover, unlike the learned Thebans touching Beethoven, we can show a reason for the faith that is in us. The British Society is important in the first degree, because, notwithstanding its slight achievements up to the present time, its primary object is to afford due opportunities to the British students of the higher branches of composition, from which, by a process of most perverse ingenuity, they are excluded by other societies whose calibre renders them worthy of being patrons of their country's art. With the Philharmonic, the English musician has every reason to be dissatisfied. It is precisely in the position of a successful clamberer to fame forgetting his humble origin and the professed object of his ambition. However astonished by the brilliancy of its performances, or however overawed by the assumption of dignity which for some years past it has been Philharmonic policy to adopt towards native artists, the English musician can-

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not forget that to assist *him* to the attainment of perfection in his art, and to show forth the fruits of his labour with befitting excellence, were the chief pleas for gathering together a superb band and soliciting royal patronage and public subscriptions for its maintenance. The latter part of the project has been accomplished, but success which has endured without fluctuation for more than a quarter of a century, has utterly blotted out its originally-professed end from the Society's scheme of operation. With the exception of an occasional act of grace in this behoof towards Mr. Bennett, not a note of English music is heard from the first Philharmonic concert to the last; and indeed, in this case, so much has practice fallen off from profession, that were a British composer in quest of a source from which, more than another, he might experience difficulties and even courtesy in endeavouring to gain a hearing for his works, we would recommend him to the directorship of this Society, with a confidence that his wishes would be gratified in their utmost extent. The Philharmonic is now, in point of fact, nothing more than a subscription concert on a large scale, in which the best continental works are performed with considerable accuracy and effect;—further than this it cannot be considered serviceable to art, and, therefore, further than this, it has no claims on the goodwill of native artists.

The British Society, however, stands on widely different ground. The *professed* objects of the two institutions are alike, but they have no other points of resemblance. At the foundation of the Philharmonic this country possessed but two composers of genuine ability and feeling—Mr. Bishop and the late Mr. Attwood:—we do not deem either the writers of ballad-operas or the musty canonists of that day sufficiently creditable to English art to be worth quoting as composers. No composer of that time could have accomplished the overtures and concertos of Sterndale Bennett, the symphonies of Macfarren, or the operas of Barnett and Loder. At the period of the establishment of the British Society, on the contrary, the composer's art and feeling had spread widely over the young musicians of England. The metropolis teemed with indications and promises of greatness, and not only have these been realized, as in the case of the justly-celebrated men to whom we last referred, but the whole surface of musical taste has moved upwards and gained a higher level, as evinced by that which, after all, is perhaps the surest test of *general* musical feeling—the single song, or ballad-music of our country. The British Society, then, rose as a kind of commercial result from the position of affairs in the music-market. There were producers in abundance, but there was no channel by which they and the consumers could be brought into contact; or—to drop our Mark-lane metaphor—a circle of young men wrote beautiful music known to themselves and each other, the public, meanwhile, being profoundly ignorant as to the existence of either the men or their music; and therefore, taught by experience that the Philharmonic orchestra was shut against them and their works by a fence of coxcombry and prejudice, they wisely resolved to found a society and collect an orchestra for themselves, and there assert their right, on critical grounds, to that fame and whatever profit it might yield, from which unnational feeling had

hitherto excluded them. Nothing could be more aptly timed than this resolve, nor more praiseworthy than its execution—for the first two seasons; but, like many other matters of a similar kind, injudicious management and straitened means have reduced its usefulness, in appearance at least, nearly to a nullity, and this, an institution promising more solid advantage to young composers than ever previously befel them, has suffered a whole season to pass by without the shadow of a movement in the sphere of its primary intention. The patronage of royalty has lately been solicited, and, as we are informed, refused:—her Majesty, it appears, cannot disturb herself to command a concert in which she would be compelled to tolerate English music. Conduct of this kind requires no comment: it reads one more lesson to our native artists on a subject with which they ought, by this time, to be sufficiently familiar:—experience ought to have suggested to them, that the tasteless and un-English aristocracy of this country would not patronise fine music because they could not enjoy it, nor that which was home-made because they had not from afar to fetch it. All this the British musician has long known, and in seeking for still higher countenance he should have paused while his common-sense whispered to him that it was vain to expect the hands of a clock to execute one tittle more or less than the pendulum chose to warrant.

We have but now to impress on the directors of the British Society that they have another season of rest before them—at least, a season in which they will not be expected to stir in the more public business of concert-giving;—let them not suffer this to pass over fruitlessly, but let them—leaving the aristocracy to strut on its own dung-hill, if so it please—be up and busy among the young musicians and patrons of art in whatever rank they may find them, and *from them* seek means for another venture. If they give *good* concerts and do not fall out among themselves, they *must* succeed.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. II.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

If ever an artist merited the name of a fine genius, in the entire sense of the word and with full truth—if the most amiable among artists is to be named—he who has diffused the most joy, and who still continues to afford the purest gratification—it is Joseph Haydn, truly the ornament of German music. Each one of the great composers has received one fixed idea. Thus to Palestrina was given the devotion of the Roman church. Bach received the gospel, and Gluck the classic opera for his idea. Haydn's idea was his national character. He was altogether the expression of his nation, fully and purely:—in citizen-like soberness and honesty, feeling naturally comfortable in their beautiful country; in innocent hilarity of heart, enjoying life undisturbed in their own minds or from external causes; free from indistinct longing or far-reaching ideas; child-like, charitable and pious; open to the beauties of nature, and to a sportive, gay humour; such was the people that lived next around the parental throne of the sovereign of Austria; and such was their own composer. When this throne and this state of things was threatened and assailed too hardly, he died. The subsequent humiliation and higher elevation of his native land, would not have been understood by him; and he was spared from witnessing it. But, that he was altogether the child of his own country, is proved by the national song of the

sons of Austria, "God preserve Francis, the emperor!" Haydn first sung it, full of child-like devotion. He continually cherished it in preference to much greater compositions. In his quartetto in C major, he embellished it with the most delicate, sweetly pious variations; and when he expected in 1808 to be decorated with the order of St. Leopold, and rejoiced at it, he could remember nothing better to say to the father of his country, than that this song was of all his works still one of the most cherished. Such was his life—such his works.

He was born on the 31st of March, 1732, at Rohrau, a village in Lower Austria, on the frontier of Hungary, near the town of Pruck, on the Leitha, and was the eldest of twenty children. His father, Matthias, a poor cartwright, was accustomed, after his day's work and on Sundays, to play the harp as an accompaniment to the songs which, devoid of care, he sang in his mild tenor voice. The pious mother, Mary, used to sit by and join him; and our little Seppel (Joseph) then five years of age, came also, and sitting down by them, taking his father's rule and drawing it up and down his left arm, he played the violin. Their cousin, a schoolmaster in Haimburg, found them once thus engaged, and perceived that the boy kept regular time. He proposed to the parents to let Seppel accompany him to Haimburg. He would teach him music, and thus the boy would have the prospect even of becoming a clergyman. So Haydn went with his cousin, and learned reading, writing, the catechism, singing, and almost all the wind and stringed instruments, even to beating the kettle-drums. They were the playfellows of his boyhood, which is the reason that he understood them so well, and used them better than any composer before or after him. Haydn afterwards very often said, "I must thank this man to the day of my death that he kept me learning so many things, although he gave me more kicks than good fare." It is a psychological curiosity that the boy at that time already had to wear a wig for the sake of cleanliness and order.

When he had been about three years at Haimburg, the court chapel-master, Reutter, came there on a visit to his friend the dean. He wanted new boys in his choir in the church of St. Stephen. Haydn was proposed, and passed examination. Reutter asked him, "Can you make shake?" "No," said Haydn surprised, "that even my cousin cannot do!" Reutter laughed heartily at the unsophisticated boy and took him to Vienna.

He now became a pupil in the chapel of St. Stephen, where he had good instruction in singing and on the different instruments, but none in composition. Reutter gave him two lessons in it, and advised him to vary the motetts and solos which he had to sing in the church, in his own way, which would enlarge his musical ideas; he did so, and besides worked through Matheson's "Complete Chapel-master," and Fuchs's "Gradus ad Parnassum," essaying at the same time compositions in eight and sixteen parts. He said afterwards of these attempts, "I had certainly the talent within me, and this and great diligence carried me forward: but I thought, at that time, that all was right if the paper was only full enough of black notes. Reutter laughed at my compositions, which no voice could sing nor any instrument play; and scolded me for composing in sixteen parts before I knew how to do it in two."

In his sixteenth year, Haydn, whose voice was broken, was dismissed, and left in a very destitute condition. He went to live in an attic without either stove or window, where he was hardly protected from the rain, and only by going to bed, from the cold. His life was now taken up by giving lessons, by playing at serenades, and in the orchestras for money, and by practising in composition, and he was perfectly satisfied with this state of things. He often used to say in after years, "When I sat at my old, worm-eaten harpsichord, I envied no king all his treasures." For at this harpsichord he used to put himself in good humour for his compositions. At this time the first six sonatas of Emanuel Bach fell into his hands. "I did not leave the harpsichord," says he, "until they were all played through; and he who knows me thoroughly, must perceive how much I owe to Emanuel Bach; how I have understood and carefully studied him. Emanuel Bach himself once sent me a compliment to that effect." At that time Haydn got acquainted with Porpora. He had to play the accompaniment in the singing lessons which Porpora gave to a lady connected with the

Venetian ambassador. "I had to put up with plenty of *asino, coglione, birbante*, nay, even beating: but I bore it patiently; for I profited much from Porpora in singing, in composition, and in the Italian language." He allowed himself to be treated for three months like a servant by Porpora, in order to learn from him occasionally. He sometimes had to accompany him in presence of Gluck, Wagner, and other great and famous masters, who encouraged him by their applause. His first quartett in B flat, 6-8 time, written about this period for the company of a Baron of Fuerstenberg, proves that Bach and Porpora had put a stop to his composing in sixteen parts, after Fuchs's manner, and that they had restored Haydn to his own natural genius. The connoisseurs raised a cry about the profanation of music to comic trifling; but Haydn happily was not diverted by it from his course. At this time, about 1751, his first opera appeared: the actor, Kurz, had persuaded him to compose an operetta—*The Devil on two Sticks*. It was a satire on Affligio, the limping director of the theatre, and was prohibited after three representations. Better success had his pianoforte sonatas, trios, &c., written for his scholars or his patrons. A number of them began already to appear in the trade without his knowledge. He was rejoiced when he found his works unexpectedly offered in public; but the profits were for the publishers.

Haydn got, in 1759, a transient employment. He was made music director of Count Morzin, for whom he composed his first symphony in D. Now, trusting to the small stipend he got here he ventured to marry the second daughter of a hairdresser named Keller, who had befriended him in the time of need. He had loved her elder sister who had entered a convent; and gratitude alone, and the wishes of the father persuaded him to tie this knot; but their union was not a happy one. He remained without children and without affection; the wife could not appreciate the profession or the value of the husband; and he may in the beginning not have had means enough for his wife's wishes. This was the only dark side in Haydn's life, and not until 1800 did death separate the joyless union.

Thus far Haydn had served his apprenticeship, if the whole life of an artist may not be more properly so called. Now came the time of his greatest activity. In 1760 he was appointed chapel-master to Prince Esterhazy, with a salary of four hundred florins; and the duties of his office afforded him ample opportunity to show and prove his talents in all directions. The prince kept his opera, concert, and church music; and Haydn presided over all. He had to compose, to lead, to rehearse the parts, to give lessons, and even to tune his grand piano in the orchestra. Here (generally at Eisenstadt, in Hungary; but, during two or three months in the winter, at Vienna) he wrote the greater part of his symphonies (his diary mentions 118, but probably about 140), also his quartetts (at least 83, for Haydn himself did not recollect all his earlier works, though the songs which he had heard from his parents he never forgot), also his concertos and trios (24 of each), his nineteen operas (among which are *Alcide Galatea, Orlando Palatino, Armida, Dido*), his oratorio *Il ritorno di Tobia* (1774), his 163 compositions for the baryton, the favourite instrument of the prince; his 15 masses, and the other innumerable works from his indefatigable pen. In this period also he wrote music for Goethe's *Goetz of Berlichingen*, and his composition of the *Seven last Words of our Saviour*, originally an instrumental composition to be played between the reading of the seven words, and ordered for Cadiz in 1785.

He wondered himself, in his later years, at the mass of his compositions; and used to say, he knew no better epitaph for himself than the three words, *Vixi, scripsi, dixi*. And yet he said, on his seventy-fourth birth-day, "My departure is unlimited: what can still be done in music is by far more than what has been already done. I often have ideas as to the manner of bringing the art to much greater perfection; but my physical strength fails, and will no longer allow me to begin to execute them." He always acknowledged with thankful feelings how beneficial his position here had been to him. "My prince was satisfied with all my works; I received approbation; I could, as chief of the orchestra, try my works; could observe the impression they made; could add, correct or retrench

what was not good ; I could be bold ; I was separated from the world ; nobody near me to lead me astray or tease me ; and thus it was natural that I should become original."

In 1790 his prince died and the chapel was dissolved. But now the time of Haydn's perfection had arrived. Salomon travelled in Germany to get musicians for the professional concerts in London. He had already made repeated attempts to carry off Haydn from the prince's service to London, but in vain. Now that the prince, whom he never would leave, was dead, Haydn consented, under very acceptable conditions, to go. In London began his harvest time, and also that of his greatest creations. During his first stay, and a later one in 1794 and 1795 (in all about three years), Haydn wrote his opera of *Orpheus*, his twelve English symphonies, quatuors, and a great number of other compositions, both sacred and secular, in all, according to his own computation, 768 pieces. He had, moreover, incessantly to direct in concerts and parties, to play and sing, to give lessons, to pay and receive visits, and to suffer the excitement of truly endless proofs of honour and affection, which rejoiced and affected him very greatly. His fame, which spread from England over all the world, gave him so much gratification, that he frequently said he had become famous in Germany only by way of England. He returned from thence with the text of his oratorio the *Creation*. The poem (written, it is said, for Handel) was translated by Van Swieten into German. He composed it in 1797, in his sixty-fifth year ; and on the 19th of March, 1799, it was first brought out in Vienna. It went through all the world. In London and Dublin it was received with great favour, being the first oratorio that succeeded after Handel's time. The Dutchmen gave it as *De Schepping*, in Amsterdam. In Paris it was splendidly produced ; but Steibelt both added and omitted. In St. Petersburgh Russian horns were added. Honorary letters, titles, medals, and presents, overwhelmed him from all sides. Meanwhile, Haydn began his last oratorio, the *Seasons*, the poem by Van Swieten, after Thomson. He completed it within eleven months, and on the 24th of April, 1801, it was performed for the first time. He was sixty-nine years of age when he sang the innocent loves of Joan and Luke ; an incontestable proof that the mind does not grow old. It was his last and his richest great composition. His strength now began to fail him. He was beloved, honoured, and admired by all ; he looked back with satisfaction on his long career and thanked God for it. On the 27th of March, 1808, he consented once more to be present at a performance of the *Creation*. Amid the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums he was led to an arm-chair placed for him directly before the orchestra. There he sat, by the side of his revered Princess Esterhazy, surrounded by artists, pupils, gentlemen and ladies of the first rank, all of whom endeavoured to show him proofs of their high esteem, and of their most tender care for his feeble old age, and to give him demonstrations of the general joy that he was permitted to be once more among them. At that grand passage, "And there was light!" the audience, as usual, broke into immense applause : Haydn made a motion towards heaven with his hands, and said, "It comes from above!" After the first part he left, afraid of over-excitement.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

(Concluded from page 55.)

THE stranger having walked up to the lady and saluted her courteously, addressed her in broken Italian : "Indeed, signora, if you have no other embarrassment but this, I shall be happy to help you out of it, and to assist you this evening with all my power."

He spoke these words with such calm firmness, that the lady's fair features, which had exhibited, on the first mention of him, a smile of incredulity, then, at his sudden appearance, a shade of embarrassment, now bespoke her surprise. Her beautiful dark eyes turned more attentively on the stranger, and seemingly not unwillingly on his good-natured face.

"Did I not tell you, Signora Malibran, you might count on this gentleman? all your difficulties are clearly surmounted."

"I am much obliged to you," said the fair artist coldly to the host, and then, turning to the stranger addressed him in elegant English: "have I the honour to see an artist from noble Britannia before me!"

The stranger, smiling, replied in good English, though sometimes with a foreign accent, "Pardon, madame, I do not belong to that great nation; my home is farther to the north: I am a Norwegian."

"A Norwegian," cried the fair singer, still more surprised, "there are artists then in yon distant, icy country!" and she added, with a soft smile, "and artists of such high courage; for you do not withdraw your promise, I hope."

"You may have heard of my people only as a nation of bold heroes of the sea, madame, but it is another field that I have entered, carrying the bow only instead of the sword; but in my field, I do not shun the contest, and if you would not decline my services I should be most happy to render assistance to so noble an artist."

A soft kindness continued to play round the beautiful features of the lady, while she replied with great earnestness, "But are you aware that you are to appear in the place of de Beriot? Have you heard him play—or is his name unknown to you?"

The stranger self-confidently encountered her doubtful look, and said, "Although I have not yet been so happy as to meet the first violin virtuoso of France face to face, and to admire his performances, yet his manner is sufficiently known to me by his compositions for his instrument: and I may say, although I cannot compare myself to the first virtuosi, that I am not one of those pretenders to art who have learned to draw out their roulades like birds in a cage, and who travel through the wide world, repeating everywhere, day after day, the same things. I will engage to play the pieces advertised in the bill, and their difficulty will be a spur to me to do the best in my power."

"The more I listen to you, the more your confidence strikes me, but the undertaking is too important to engage in it in blind confidence; to refuse your liberal offer would be as uncivil, as it would be indiscreet on my part to accept it without the knowledge of my husband."

The young man answered, with a bow, "I am fully willing, nay, I wish nothing more, than to give you, certainly one of the best judges of the art, a proof of my talent: you play the piano, no doubt; I will fetch my violin, and your husband shall decide whether I am worthy to accompany your musical performance for one evening."

"Let us do it then at once," said the lady, "for there is little time to lose." The youth, timidly offering her his arm, led her up stairs into the most splendid rooms of the hotel.

They traversed several rooms until they came to a darkened one, where the French artist lay, wrapped in a morning gown, stretched on a couch, his head bound up. His lady stated briefly the young man's singular proposal for the evening, and his intention of making a trial now under his own eyes. De Beriot listened, slightly bowing, with incredulous looks, inquired the name of the stranger, and hearing the appellation of Ole Bull, hardly pronounceable to a French tongue, could not help smiling ironically, either intentionally, or produced by the pains distorting his features.

Signing his lady to the piano, and pointing to his violin-case, he stretched himself carelessly on the pillows, as though he did not expect anything more than common. Meanwhile the young Norwegian had taken up a violin, had tuned it without noise, and after drawing the bow once or twice as if to try it, had stepped up to the piano where the singer had already seated herself. "And what shall we try, my noble northern champion? here is material enough for us," she said, pointing to a heap of elegantly-bound music-books that lay on the piano.

"I am satisfied with anything that the good taste of my lady may select: please to look out a piece."

"Well, then, it is my turn to create a good opinion of my talents; and I

choose my favourite author and his grand sonata in A minor; you know this *chef-d'œuvre*, I suppose."*

The Norwegian nodded affirmation, and immediately the first chords rose and the first movement gushed along. The sick French artist had buried his head in the pillows, in order not to suffer double pain by uncultivated, rough tones; yet after the first notes, he raised his head and began attentively to listen; but when the two players proceeded farther and farther in this production of genius, when they unfolded more and more of its brilliant gems of art, he rose, surprised and unawares, more and more on his couch. His face gave back the expression of the piece that was performed; now listening with suppressed breath to the tones that fell dying from the strings, seemingly emanating from the lowest, inmost depth, and yet so clear, so distinct: and then with his heart beating, when the tones sprung more and more powerful from the bow, as though the strings were going to break, and the instrument to be crushed under the mighty hand. After the repetition of the first part he had risen entirely from his couch; and in the second, as though the sounds soothed his pains, he unconsciously approached the players; and after that tempest of bold ideas had ceased, de Beriot embraced the stranger artist, saying that he had heard playing like that but of one man besides. The singer looked up to the two artists as in a dream; she thought it must have been a play of her imagination; that what she had heard could not be reality; while the young northerner blushed at the approbation which, so long withheld or refused, he now received from two such competent judges. "Your mastership is proved," exclaimed de Beriot, "and as to that, you not only take my place worthily, but, I must confess, you put me into the shade: the only question now is about some of my peculiar knacks; about execution in certain brilliant passages; about certain ways of bowing, to decide whether you can execute my compositions which are announced for the evening. But why is it necessary that you should play them? Play anything that is in your hand, and you will be sure to delight your audience."

"The revered master gives me praise which I have not merited, but which I shall try to earn; yet I am the rather disposed to confine myself to the advertisement, as I am not wholly unacquainted with your compositions. There are the parts, and here the piano score; let us try." De Beriot pressed his hand and went back to his couch; while the singer opened the books at the piano, still lost in her joyful surprise. Now the theme sounded, sweetly sung like the nightingale's warbling; and the variations followed each other, going off like brilliant fireworks, shining and sparkling, each in another form, in other figures, playing round the same subject.

The astonishment and the admiration of the Frenchman rose with each new variation; and when the piece was finished he embraced the artist again, and assured him of his most unlimited approbation. "There is but one else who can play everything—that is Paganini; and here is his youthful duplicate! How was it possible that the rough north could thus equal the luxurious south? No, I may now retire, since such an artist has appeared here! I ought to be jealous; indeed, there is reason enough for it; but I cannot!"

The northerner was embarrassed by all this applause. "Pardon me," he began, "if my head feels giddy; if all this praise confuses me; hitherto I have experienced but coldness and neglect."

"Coldness!" interrupted de Beriot; "are the people mad?" And Mme. Malibran added, "You will learn to know the good people of Florence here otherwise; I already imagine to myself their surprise, their enthusiasm, on finding that they have two virtuosi within their walls, instead of one."

Ole Bull answered with a thankful look, "The people of Florence will receive me as coldly as did all the rest; the more so, since I shall appear for de Beriot, and together with his lady: what can the dead instrument do by the side of the inspiring voice from such a fair mouth, where each tone has its own bewitching language, and each melody floats along like a fairy vision. I have heard signora sing; but, be it as it may, I will keep my promise."

"It will be high time, then, to prepare for our appearance: you will be kind enough to accompany me; I expect you within half an hour," replied Mme. Malibran. De Beriot once more thanked him warmly, and the three artists se-

parated; one to his bed, the other to his attic, and the third to her dressing-room.

The unknown northern violin-player appeared at the appointed time and accompanied the fair singer to the theatre: he led her upon the stage, amid the acclamations of the audience, when she sang; and played, when his own turn came, the pieces advertised for de Beriot, with all his power, and developed all the sweetness in them that his bow was capable of. But even if he had only shown half the skill he did, or still less, the enthusiastic audience would have highly applauded him. The celebrated Malibran had introduced him; she had thought him worthy of notice; she had made him a star of the first magnitude. The host had already, before the concert, spread the report of the wonderful violinist, which had rapidly circulated through the city, and led a great number more to the theatre, and increased the excitement and the applause. *Obullo, Beriotto, and Malibran*, were in everybody's mouth: they were the subjects of every conversation, of universal admiration. Ole Bull, thanking the two artists, carried his fame from Florence over all Italy, collecting new laurels in every new place; and then played also in the other countries of Europe; applauded and praised, and acknowledged as a worthy rival of Paganini; being admired as a wonderful genius, where the audiences formerly had coldly yawned when he played. The fair singer, who has so early departed from us, had, like a benevolent fairy, interfered in his dark life, and raised it immediately to its zenith: she had been his *Walkyre* (northern goddess of victory) that had woven his triumphal wreath.

ON THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF SCOTLAND—THE BAGPIPES.

BY JOSEPH WARREN.

THE antiquity of this instrument is unquestionable; both the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with it. In a *basso relieve* of Grecian sculpture at Rome, there is a figure of a man, playing on an instrument, exactly resembling an ancient Highlander. The figure of the *utisculus*, or bagpipe (but blown with bellows), is also preserved on one of Nero's coins, and history records that emperor's intention of exhibiting himself publicly as a player. The bagpipes, on ancient sculpture, had two long drones and a short pipe for the fingers. It is said that the Greeks and Romans probably found this instrument among those conquered nations which they denominated *barbarous*. To the instruments of rude nations they have sometimes given names, though we cannot, at this distance of time, ascertain their respective kinds.

Monfaucon, a very high authority, says, "The bagpipe, called in Latin, *tibia utricularia*, and in Greek, *Adkaulos*,* was used by the ancients, and also gives a figure of one taken from a bas-relief in the court of the palace of Santa Croce, at Rome, near the church of St. Charles in Catinari. There is another like it, under the arms of a shepherd, in the cabinet of the Cardinal Albani. In the figure given, two large pipes, or flutes, on one side, come from a bag blown up, and from the other short pipe."

We are told that they were once as great favourites among the shepherds of Calabria as they are at present among the peasants of Scotland, and were also in use among the peasantry of France.

Cannonicus Orazio Maccari, of Crotona, apud Walker, and Boccace, in his account of the plague in Florence, A.D. 1348, mentions that the cornamus, or bagpipe, was used in dancing, being put into the hands of Tindarus, a domestic of one of a number of lady dancers. The bagpipes have been often considered as a national instrument of Ireland. Mr. Pennant, ascribing to the Scottish Gael in particular, what Aristides Quintilianus, in the century preceding the Christian era, had ascribed to the ancient Celtic tribes in general, hazards an opinion that this instrument prevailed from the earliest ages in the Highlands of

* German—*Sackpfeiff*, or *Sackpipe*. Italian—*Cornamus* and *Piva*. French—*Musette* and *Chalumeau*. Welsh—*Pibau*. Erse—*Piobh*.

Scotland.* That they were neither in Scotland nor Ireland in the 12th century, and that they were then in Wales, are points ascertained by the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis.† It may therefore be concluded that they were not received either into Scotland or Ireland prior to the invasion of the latter by the English. That the ancient Britons, or Welsh, possessed the bagpipes at the time of Cambrensis, may be readily admitted, since, in the course of the long period during which the Romans occupied their country, they may have derived the instrument from them. That they were not coeval with the harp in Wales is almost certain; the tones and expression of no other two instruments are more at variance with each other. The tradition of the *Hebridae*, or *Hebrides*, is, that those blown with the mouth were introduced there by the Danes or Norwegians, who governed them about the year 1093, to 1263.‡ A considerable space must have elapsed before the music of the Danish invaders could become general in the Hebrides; and its progress from the Hebrides to the Highlands was yet later. We are told that, after the year 845, the Highlands ceased to have a resident government and kings of their own living at their castles on the northern and western parts of the kingdom, which they had, till Kenneth M'Alpine subdued the Pictish kingdom, and transferred the seat of royalty from Argyllshire to Scone.

In consequence of the degeneracy and ferocity of manners following that event, the change of manners would prepare the people of the Highlands the more readily to admit the dissonant music of Denmark, and to neglect their own older instrument—the harp—the tones of which were no longer congenial to them.§ We know that the harp was early in the Highlands, probably as early as the first settlement of its Erse inhabitants; and it is certain that its music was by degrees supplanted by that of the pipes, and has been nearly lost there for some centuries past. John Mayor, in the "Annals of Scotland," published in 1521, speaking of the Highlanders, says that "they make use of the harp, which, instead of strings made of the intestines of animals, they string with brass wire, and on which they perform most sweetly."

Gun, in his "Historical Inquiry respecting the Performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland," says, "the oldest of two Caledonian harps still in existence, was brought from Argyllshire about the year 1460, by a lady of the family of Lamont, to the house of Lude, in the Highlands of Perthshire, where it has remained; it is 38½ inches high; the greatest projection of the fore-arm, or pillar, from the sound-board is nearly 13 inches; the front arm is perpendicular to the sound-board; the upper arm or comb, as well as the front arm, is of plane tree, it contains thirty strings; pins of near 4 inches long, originally of brass wire. The second harp, still preserved in the Highlands, was the gift of Queen Mary, on a hunting excursion in the Highlands, to Miss Beatrix Gardyn of Banchory, and is in the same house of Lude. It is 31 inches high, has holes for 28 strings, the longest string would measure 24 inches, the shortest 2½. The front arm is not, as the former harp, perpendicular to the sound-board; its upper part and the top arm are turned considerably to the left. That the harp was formerly an instrument of the Highlands of Scotland, the author of this treatise insisted; he must, however, be allowed to remark, that there is no distinctive difference between these two harps and the harp of Ireland, and that they may as likely have been constructed in the latter country, where they have abounded, as elsewhere." Mr. Gun, in the same work, mentions an ancient Gaelic poem, in which the poet personifies and addresses a *very old harp*, by asking "what had become of its former lustre." The harp replies, "that it had belonged to a King of Ireland, and been present at many a royal banquet; that it had after-

* Leyden's Prelim. Dis. to "The Complaynt of Scotland."

† Marvid's pipes, it is said, are noticed by the Welsh in the seventh century, and the instrument appears in King Howell's Laws, A.D. 942.

‡ Dr. Solander informed Mr. Pennant that in the oldest Northern songs, the bag-pipes are mentioned under the name of *soek-pipes*.

§ The Hon. Daines Barrington inquired of Forught, a Laplander by birth, and a good musician, whether he had any pipes in Lapland, on which he mentioned two, the sackpipe and the walpipe, which he describes to be exactly the same as the bagpipe. Mr. Barrington thinks that it is as probable that the Scots borrowed the bagpipes from the Norwegians, as that the Swedes learned the use of it from them.

wards been frequently in the possession of Daigo, son of a Druid of Baal; of Gaul of Filan; of Oscar; of O'Daine; of Diarmid; of a physician; of a bard; and, lastly, of a priest, who in a secluded corner was meditating on a *white book*.*

Buchanan, A. D. 1561, speaking of the Hebrides, says that, " instead of the trumpet they use the great bagpipe. They delight very much in music, especially in harps of their own sort, some of which are strung with brass wire, others with the intestines of animals; they play on them either with their nails grown, or with a plectrum. It is a question whether these pipes found their way into the Lowlands by means of the Romans, and afterwards passed through the Highlands into the Hebrides. To the latter hypothesis the total difference in the construction and compass of the Highland and Lowland pipes present an objection. That the Lowland Scots had their pipes from the Romans, and the Highlanders theirs (so much ruder in their construction) from the Hebrides, supposing the Hebradians to have received them from the Danes, is an hypothesis in some degree confirmed by the circumstance that the pipes of the Lowlands are blown like the Irish, by bellows instead of the mouth, and are calculated for a more civilized people. It is also a question whether, after being received from the Romans, the pipes reached Scotland through Wales. From whencesoever they were derived, it seems almost certain that they came in with a people whose manners answered the genius of the instrument—impetuous and uncultivated; of this, their peculiar strains, the pibroch is an indication. *

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As no one of your talented correspondents *in re* a National Opera makes any clear proposition touching the form of government to be adopted, I venture to offer a few suggestions on the subject.

In my opinion a democracy can be productive but of anarchy and mischief; for it was in the power of the most profligate member of the commonwealth, provided he was endowed with eloquence, to ruin the most deserving by a desperate exertion of his talents upon the populace, who had often been persuaded to act in the most ungrateful and imprudent manner against the greatest patriots that their country had produced; and finally, the liberal arts have never flourished so much in a republic as under the encouragement and protection of absolute power—witness the Augustan age and the reign of Louis XIV. Let, therefore, a ballot take place for the election of a consul who shall appoint his various officers, and in every respect have absolute authority: let Messrs. Loder, Bennett, Smart, Macfarren, &c. empower some tested and experienced man, say Mr. Barnett, or perhaps Mr. Balfie to fight their common battle, and by such means they will best serve the interests of the cause.

I beg to say that I will most gladly give my assistance in the orchestra gratuitously until such time as the treasury can afford to pay me; and if the singers come forward in this way, as I feel the instrumentalists will, by making a *long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether* we may fairly launch our vessel, and at least steer her safely to the first port.—Yours, &c.

26th July, 1840.

A MUSIC MASTER.

IS SPOHR'S DRAMATIC MUSIC A GOOD MODEL FOR YOUNG COMPOSERS?

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having heard this point frequently mooted, I attended the first representation of the opera of *Faust* at the German opera, and here follow some opinions I offer regarding

* The pibroch (or cruinnechadh) was, in Dr. Beattie's opinion, peculiar to the western isles and Highlands of Scotland, and differs totally from all other music. Some of them, he adds, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity to imitate the conflict and pursuit, swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy, and, perhaps, close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession. The literal meaning of pibroch is *arm-pipe*.

it, which may bring the above question under the consideration of better judges perhaps than myself.

It appears to me dramatic music ought to be so constructed, that its effects should inspire the soul *at once*; for when we have to weigh and consider them as we do a problem in Euclid, they cease to move the heart.

Dramatic music is written for the public, and the public listen only to the *effects* of the *whole*; therefore, any details which do not assist that effect are worse than useless, because they take the attention from the action of the scene, and serve only to please the instrumentalists who have them under the eye. The action of the scene occupies the attention of the audience, and the music carries the feeling shown there deeper into their souls; therefore it is no more necessary for them to observe and understand the details of a composition, than it is for a person who is admiring a fine engraving to notice all the arrangements of the lines in it; his gratification arises from the effect of the whole—the union of the drawing with the lights and shadows; the instant he gives his attention to the lines the illusion is destroyed and much of his pleasure vanishes.

The object of all instrumental combinations should be to embellish and bring out to the ear beautiful and expressive melody, which is the principal thing in all sorts of music, but especially in music for the stage.

Now if the above views are correct, there cannot be fairly said to be more than about four pieces that are truly dramatic in the opera of *Faust*, and in these the melodies are feeble and not original, even in the scene of the witches, the most vaunted by Spohr's admirers; the music is not for an instant to be compared with the music in *Macbeth* by Matthew Lock, who, with not one-tenth part of the means which the modern orchestra gives Spohr, has produced music in every respect superior in beauty, grandeur, and terror.

Like most of Spohr's works this opera displays much ingenuity in the combinations of the orchestra, but this ingenuity is only valuable as a means to bring out beautiful melodic thoughts, of which there is here an almost total absence. There are, in abundance, absurd combinations of wind instruments—many ridiculous passages for the quartett that mean nothing, crude harmonies in harsh succession, incessant modulations, by which the ear is dragged rapidly from scale to scale in an abrupt and consequently offensive manner, and thereby kept in a constant state of uneasiness, besides ugly roulades that are calculated merely to show the agility of the *prima donna's* throat.

A song in the last act and the before-mentioned scene of the witches have much merit; it would be strange indeed if a man like Spohr, who writes so much, did not occasionally produce some beauties, but when these do appear they are generally surrounded by a heap of little elaborate nothings that rather weaken than improve the general effect; therefore, under all these circumstances, I consider Spohr's dramatic music not a good model for young composers.

A

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Having been out of town, I had not an opportunity of reading your work till to-day, when I perceived that a person signing himself "Agathon," has unjustly attacked the Gresham Professor. Permit me to say that, for the last twelvemonth, I have regularly attended the Gresham Lectures, and at those which took place during Easter term Mr. Taylor liberally subscribed two guineas for the purpose of rescuing Henry Purcell's works from oblivion. Was this the act of an enemy? Did "Agathon" hear the luminary (justly so called), when he boldly asserted England always had a National Opera and substantially proved his assertion? Did he hear him when he spoke of Purcell, that Shakspeare of all musicians, and, glowing with noble enthusiasm, pronounced him superior to any of his foreign contemporaries? If "Agathon" did, what bad feeling prompted his letter? if he did not, why should he meddle with things of which he knows nothing?—Yours, &c.

28th July, 1840.

MUSICA.

P. S. Killecrankie is the name of a celebrated pass in Scotland.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—As musical institutions seem to be now the order of the day, allow me to suggest the formation of a club for the use of amateurs and professionals indiscriminately. It would be a great convenience, whether connected with performances or not, and the two classes *must* each benefit from more intimate communication with one another. This plan might embrace anything promoting the science, such as lectures and a library; and such an institution would materially assist a National Opera when the latter is started.—Yours, &c.

AN AMATEUR CREMONA.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

MISS LANZA AND MR. MINASI gave a concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday evening the 24th inst., and were supported by Misses Ostergaard, Bassano, Adeline Cooper, and Van Milligen, with Messrs. A. Giubeli, H. Gear, Brizzi, Carte, Holmes, and Leonard Schulz. The name of Lanza is dear to fame—we wish this fair scion of an honoured stock had come forward at an earlier period in the season. She has a voice of extraordinary compass, and musical feeling almost in excess; at least she appeared to us to throw more sentiment into “*Sull’aria*” than such colloquial poetry will bear—however it was encored, *voila l’essentiel*. There were many other performances of equivocal merit.

MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION.—The Russian family, Matmeitsch, had a benefit concert last evening in the theatre of the above institution. The performances were exceedingly good, but the concert was very thinly attended. Rubini and Mussati delighted the audience with the duetto “*Donalo a questo cor,*” from Rossini. Blagrove gave some beautiful variations upon Beethoven’s waltz “*Le Desir;*” and Haussmann performed with spirit, feeling, and the purest expression an adagio and rondo on airs of *Zampa*. Both the latter players were accompanied by Mr. W. D. D’Alguen. Among the instrumental performances the utmost praise and credit are due to Mdile. Roeckel for her execution of Thalberg’s fantasia on Rossini’s “*Preghiera in Mosé,*” which obtained her warm applause. Ciebra’s guitar variations were sufficiently brilliant; but we left without hearing Sedlatzek upon the flute, owing to the disarrangement of the programme by the irregular arrivals of some of the professionals. It is a pity that when eminent vocalists or instrumentalists volunteer their services benevolently they should not fulfil the grace of their kindness by endeavouring to preserve the order of the programme as carefully as if their efforts were not gratuitous. The generosity to the *beneficiaries* and the decorum to the public would be the more appreciated and esteemed. Besides the performances we have already spoken of, the concert of last evening was varied by the exertions of the Russian family itself, all of whose members (with the exception of one absent from illness) acquitted themselves creditably, and did their utmost to deserve the approbation of the audience.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—We visited this theatre to hear Lord Burghersh’s Battle Symphony, and were both pleased and disappointed—disappointed inasmuch as his lordship’s composition does not come up to our ideas of a symphony. We listened in vain for the several movements, each complete in itself, and yet affording its own peculiar aid in forming one harmonious and perfect whole. Musically speaking (and treating his lordship as honestly as if he were a professor), there is not much in the Symphony, but then it evidently does not *pretend* to much. The “*Grenadier’s March*” we all know, and the remaining phrases are melodious, while the harmonies are simple and effective; take it therefore, altogether, it is pleasing, and so the audience thought, for they encored it, and stood the brunt of the various cannon—from the light field-piece to the heavy artillery—with a perseverance and bravery truly commendable. There were some slight marks of disapprobation about us from sundry individuals, who, we suppose, because Lord Burghersh was not Lord Beethoven, took upon themselves to be critical and to hiss; but we do not envy such individuals the extreme nicety of their musical feelings. We like to find sermons in stones, and *good* in everything, and not refuse a diamond merely because it happens that it be not of the first water. The whole of the pieces announced in the programme were well performed, and gave great delight to a crowded assemblage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FRENCH OPERA is closed for reparations, which are calculated at a cost of 70,000 francs. It is expected to re-open on the 15th of August.

LISZT is playing at Baden-Baden.

MALIBRAN AND THE PINT OF PORTER.—I had occasion, says Mr. Bunn, in his “Scenes before and behind the Curtain,” during the last rehearsal but one of the *Maid of Artois*, to express myself in strong terms at her leaving the stage for more than an hour and a half, to go and gain 25*l.* at a morning concert. She knew she had done wrong and she atoned for it. She had borne along the two first acts on the first nights of performance in such a flood of triumph that she was bent by some almost superhuman effort to continue its glory till the final fall of the curtain. I went into her dressing-room previous to the commencement of the third act to ask how she felt, and she replied, “Very tired, but,” (and here her eye of fire suddenly lighted up) “you angry devil, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter in the desert scene, you shall have an encore to your finale.” Had I been dealing with any other performer, I should perhaps have hesitated in complying with a request that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment; but to check her powers was to annihilate them. I therefore arranged that behind the pile of distant sand on which she falls in a state of exhaustion towards the close of the second scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage; and it is a fact, that from underneath the stage, through that aperture, a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song, which so revived her after the terrible exertion the scene led to, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm with the finale to the *Maid of Artois*. The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged during the subsequent run of the opera for the negro slave at the head of the *Governor's* procession to have in the gourd suspended to his neck the same quantity of the same beverage, to be applied to her lips on his first beholding the apparently dying *Isoline*.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, to be held in September, will be on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown in that town, and preparations are proceeding with great activity. We understand the instrumental band is to consist almost wholly of the finest performers in the kingdom, the committee of management having availed themselves of the great increase of talent which at the present time exists; we hear also that when the names of the performers already engaged are announced, they will be found to comprise vocal talent of a still higher character than on former occasions. The meeting is to take place under the patronage of the Queen, the Queen Dowager, and Prince Albert. The committee have already secured the services of Braham, and are in treaty with several other distinguished vocalists.

LUTHER'S OPINION OF MUSIC.—Whoever despises music I am displeased with him. Next to theology I give a place to music; for thereby anger is forgotten, the devil driven away, and melancholy and many tribulations and evil thoughts are expelled.

Mr. Power takes his farewell benefit at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday next, previous to his departure once more for America. He sails, we understand, on the following Tuesday, by the *Arcadia*, from Liverpool for New York, *via* Halifax.

MDLLE. TAGLIONI left Paris on the 26th, having danced four nights at the French opera; the sanctives of a prior engagement with Laporte kicked the beam when weighed against Parisian adulation and the torments of impunity. Shall we forgive her for this? *Nous verrons l'année prochaine.*

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.			
Sutton, W.—The chorus of the mountaineers ; duet	Corentry.	Diabelli.—Favourite Airs from <i>Il Giuramento</i> ; in 3 books	Chappell.
Craven, J.—The Royal Bridal March	Ditto.	Ditto ditto, as duetts,	Ditto.
Jullien.—Quadrilles le bal pare	Wessel.	in 4 books	Ditto.
Le Carpenter.—Three Bagatelles—No. 18, La Vendetta ; No. 19, Bayaderie ; No. 20, La Symphonie	Ditto.	Bella adorata, from <i>Il Giuramento</i> , new edition, in a lower key	Ditto.
Kreutzer.—Series of Overtures, No. 13—Das Nachtlager in Granada	Ditto.	Julien.—Les Echos de Londres quadrilles	Boosey.
Cerny.—Three Fantasias from <i>Il Giuramento</i>	Chappell.		
HARP.			
Bochsa.—La Loge de l'Opera Italian, brilliant solo pieces—No. 5, Lucrezia Borgia ; No. 6, Parisina			Boosey.

(List of New Publications continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reissiger and Sedlatzek.—Trois Morceaux de Salon, piano and flute—No. 3, La Pasta, variations brilliant, op. 36, in C. *Wessel.*
Musard.—London Promenade Concerts, No. 7, La figurante de Paris; No. 14, Les troubadours; for orchestra and quintett. *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Orsini.—La Nozze; duettino da Camera *Boosey.*
Goodban.—Prythhee, sweetheart, be not so sad; words by Lady Raleigh *Corenty.*

Linley, G.—Fare thee well, my ancient home	<i>Coentry.</i>
— The bereaved one	<i>Ditto.</i>
— The minstrel knight	<i>Ditto.</i>
Bonetta.—Nina; arietta	<i>Ditto.</i>
Bochan.—Je suis la Bayadere, Chansonne Francaise	<i>Ditto.</i>
Proch, H.—Series of German Songs, No. 212—A stranger dark	<i>Wessel.</i>
Douizetti.—M'odi, ah! m'odi, in D; Lucezria Borgia	<i>Mills.</i>
— Ciel! che vegg'io; ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Stevens.—Crabbed age; 4 voices, piano-forte accompaniments by Horseley	<i>Ditto.</i>
— Ye spotted snakes ditto ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>

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